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RALPH C. WHIPPLE, Principal

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EDITORIAL

AT THIS time of year there are many youths who will have received either part or all of the formal education with which they are going to meet life. In a few years these same youths will be taking the places of the men and women of today and will carry on the affairs of the nation. May they profit by the mistakes that other people have made.

Although this is one of the most critical times in history, it is necessary that the new graduates find their places in the world. In doing this their education is their best asset. By means of this education they may be able not only to lift this depression but even to forestall another by leaving valuable information to their successors. And they can only gather this information by using their intelligence and the knowledge which they have gained in schools. Let us hope that as these youths realize the value of their education, they will continue to encourage progress of it everywhere.

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LITERARY

I d y l l

INTO the land of the Sunset — far away — he drifted until his cloud boat came to rest on the golden shore. With timid feet he trod the soft radiance of the soil. Above him the sky was deepening into the evening blue. There was no wind, but a cool mysterious atmosphere bathed him in its dew. "Tis heaven," he whispered, filled with awe.

Over the amber field of silence a silver chariot swept, drawn by gray horses with trappings of black and silver. And in the chariot — wonder of all wonders — a beautiful maiden. Beautiful beyond words. Hair like midnight, eyes like stars, lips like coral, and skin like the virgin petal of a half ope'd rose. The chariot came to rest beside him swaying in the air. The maiden stretched a cool soft hand to him, and in a dream he found himself beside her. "Who are you?" he whispered.

"I am Evening. Come with me, for your cloud boat has drifted away and this land is fading beneath my touch. Come with me."

The horses drifted onward noiselessly and with ease as on the wind. He was at peace. A breeze ran cool fingers through his hair and closed his eyes with a gentle touch.

Awakening he found himself in Twilight and the maiden bending over him. Fragrance of the sleeping world breathed from her dusky hair. "Mother Darkness waits," she said, "and I must go."

"You will leave me? I shall never see you more?
Oh, leave me not in darkness,
Leave me not in woe,
Take me with you, Evening,
Wherever you may go!"

A sad smile crossed her features and dimmed the starry eyes. "You are mortal — I, a goddess. We must part — but do not fear! Every evening — when the Sun is sinking low I shall meet you as tonight — but I must go!"

With a cool kiss on his forehead she was gone.

He was standing in a meadow. Night was on the world, but a fire in his heart, burning with a silver flame, told him that forever after, Evening would be the same. He could quench his burning sorrow — wash his woe away — in the calm, sweet dew of Evening — at the close of every day.

—GERTRUDE BERRY, '32.

Wings of the Night

THE evening sun had shot its last beams of sunlight across a small valley nestled among the foothills. Dusk was slowly covering the hills, when Martin Purington hurried his pack mules down the winding trail to a small cabin at the further end of the valley. June had arrived, and the entire valley was broken out in a profusion of wild flowers and blossoms. The orchard of wild cherry trees behind the cabin was in blossom, and sweet incense drifted upon the warm summer breezes, making the air fragrant with a delightful

odor that filled one with an inexpressible feeling — a warmth, a joy, a supreme delight in life and all that existed.

Wearily the traveler, a tall well built man of steel-grey eyes and dark hair, with a face that betrayed every passing emotion, unpacked the animals and turned them loose in a small corral. After washing in the cold stream at the end of the corral, he entered the cabin, which, although roughly made and enormous in proportions from the outward appearances, was decidedly different inside. A small cozy kitchen was at one end of the cabin, and three large rooms, — a parlor, library, and a bed room, — composed the rest of the structure. As Martin entered, he was greeted by a grinning negro, who was bending over the kitchen stove preparing the evening meal.

"Sam, I'm so hungry I could eat nails and like it," exclaimed Martin cheerfully.

"Yas'in, Mr. Martin, I'll have your supper in no time."

Over the supper table that evening Martin checked with Sam the list of supplies he had brought from town and then retired to the library to smoke his evening pipe before the fire.

The library was an interesting room. The dark oak paneling of the walls gave the room an air of dignity, and solitude added to the general quietude of the room. Book cases of a deep mahogany stain lined the room on all sides, and by the mellow light of a beautiful glass chandelier, one could see in the distant corner of the room on a small trophy table several silver cups, trophies of art contests. Above the fireplace gazing complacently down at Martin, hung a life-sized painting of "Boy Blue." The fire burnt low, and at length Martin retired to his room. To the enquiries of Sam he replied, "Wake me at dawn," and piled into bed.

Light was just beginning to appear above the eastern horizon when Sam shook his master by the shoulder. In an instant Martin was on his feet. Pulling on his robe he entered the library, and approaching the bay window, he drew aside the heavy curtain.

The sun, chasing the lingering shadows before it, was rising slowly above the wooded hills. "Wings," the artist mused, "Wings of the morning," and he set his easel by his side. Rapidly and delicately he worked, his brushes transplanting onto canvas, flaming, brilliant colors blending into soft, delicate tinges of lavender and cool shadows. Beautiful wings of color flowed from the end of his brush, and nature was captured at the moment, at dawn, when everything seems the most inspiring.

"Breakfast am ready, boss," Sam called as he heard his master leaving the library.

"A masterpiece, Sam," Martin cried as he seated himself at the table.

"I certainly is glad, suh; perhaps we leave this no account place now."

"Perhaps, Sam," and Martin continued his breakfast.

That summer art critics, as well as the countless number of people that gazed at "Wings of the Morning" in the great art gallery of New York, were astounded and hailed it as a masterpiece.

Then came the year 1917 and the World War, and Martin left for France with over two million doughboys.

Bloodshed, screaming shells, reeking corpses, his dying companions, and the countless horrors that war carries with it, terrified Martin and months

later he lay, a raving maniac, in a little Red Cross hospital in France.

November, 1918. Martin, a shell-shocked victim, returned home — home to the big, white, lonely house and Sam, in the suburbs of New York. The noise of the city confused and excited him, his mouth twitched, his eyes opened and shut rapidly, and his whole body trembled at the slightest sound.

One night Dr. King frowned sternly as he questioned Martin.

"Get away from the city," he advised at length. "Go anywhere, but get away from this confusion."

"Yes, Doctor," Martin spoke slowly, "I have decided to go back to my old camp — back to the 'Wings of the Morning.'" He laughed shrilly, and looked down at his long, white hands, the only part of his body he seemed able to control. Twisting his slender fingers, he stared into the night.

At the door the doctor met Sam and drew him aside. "Sam," he said gravely, "keep an eye on your master; take care of him. It will be some time before he will be his old self again."

"Yas suh, deed I will, suh," assured Sam trying vainly to check the tears that rolled down his dusky face.

June found Martin once more at the old cabin surrounded by the greenness of the valley. Slowly he was gaining possession of his faculties, but still there was something lacking, something lost perhaps in France. Now and then he would dabble in his paints, while Sam made the monthly trips to the town of Kentsville for supplies. It was becoming a familiar sight to see the faithful negro slouching along the trail, the mules before him.

Dusk was falling when Sam drove the mules into the corral after one of these trips. Overhead dark storm clouds were forming. The wind whistled mournfully among the tall pines. Sam entered the cabin as thunder heralded the approaching storm. Lightning flashed and tore ragged streaks across the storm-swept sky. A giant pine toppled and crashed to earth. Thunder rumbled in the distant hills.

Sam found his master in the library sitting near the bay window. The curtain was drawn back; his easel and brushes were by his side.

"Sam," he spoke hoarsely.

"Yas suh."

"It — it's France."

"No suh, no suh," Sam spoke cheerfully, "just an old discountless storm, and its gonna rain soon," and he left the cabin to prepare the evening meal.

Martin stared long down the slopes of the valley, and who can tell what he pictured there, as he sat scarcely hearing the wind tearing ferociously at the eaves of the cabin. Suddenly he seized his brushes, set his easel before him, and began to paint not only the storm-swept scene before him, but more. His face was drawn and haggard. The brush darted over the canvas, — he was living and fighting the battle over again, but with brushes. Then came the rain, and black fingers groped through the room, filling it with night's dark shadows.

The painting was complete, but the artist was not in raptures. He was pale, and his ghastly features seemed to have caught wrinkles in the last few hours that had not been there before. The battle field lay before him. Night was fast approaching. The dead and wounded covered the slope of No Man's Land. Lightning rent the sky, giant trees toppled, machine guns spit green

fire, and star shells burnt paths of red scorching fire across the blackened sky.

The negro stood at his master's side, gazing in awe at the painting before him.

Slowly Martin dipped his brush and wrote, "Wings of the Night."

—ROBERT LAITE, '35.

Storm Dreams

WHITE fingers of fine snow flash ghost-like across the blackness of the road. Cars like burned-out comets, with long white tails, fly noiselessly by. Inside my car there is comparative comfort — of the chilly sort. The satisfied and satisfying hum of the motor lulls me into semi-consciousness. The white dust grows deeper — the warm eyes of houses look like square patches of yellow on the snow. How good is a fire and friends, and warmth of body and soul within four well-beloved walls! Thank God every wanderer finds a home sometime — somewhere.

As the dream grows, the hands guide the wheel instinctively. Mechanically the foot seeks the brake and the vision, like a vivacious spirit, goes leaping and bounding from past to future, ignoring the present. Old loves are remembered. Old snatches of old songs that once had poignant meanings come welling up from the heart and are sometimes actually expressed and sometimes lost in the throb and purr of the motor. Even sadness when it is passed is sweet.

Beautiful day dreams! Thank God we do not truly expect you to be realized as we conceive you. The joy of fulfillment would be too great for us to bear.

And so I dream as the snow sifts in through unseen and unsuspected crevices, and the foot grows numb upon the accelerator, and the car sweeps on, leaving eddies of white mist upon the black of the road and my dreams awaiting realization.

—GERTRUDE BERRY, '32.

Song of the Stream

I KNOW a deep and cooling spring
That trickles away, such a little thing,
Rippling and dancing o'er the stones
With a hundred melodious soothing tones;
Stopping a moment, but ne'er to abide;
'Neath the out-flung roots of some giant tree,
Cooled in some shadowy deeps may-be,
Warmed by a dance o'er a sunny rock
'Till it murmurs in fairy or elfin talk;
Leaping from rock to rock below,
Seeking a level where it may flow,
Leisurely twisting and winding along,
Hearing and answering the thrush's song,
Languidly breathing the flowered air,
Whispering low in the rushes there,
Broadened and deepened all along
By numberless brooklets that join the throng,
Each seeking each in close embrace;
At length from the distance a murmur grows,
Stilling the murmuring stream that flows,
To silence as it nears the sea,
And loses itself in eternity.

—ROBERT CLOGSTON, '33.

Of Dearest Worth

THESE are the things I hold of dearest worth:

Light of the western sky
With long white clouds floating by.
The white-winged bird in its flight,
And the peace and solitude of night.

The mysterious quiet of the hills,
And the passing murmur of little rills.
The catching sound of drops of rain
Beating upon the window pane.

The white-capped waves upon the sea,
And the tall splendor of the tree,
The twilight and the darkening blue,
And the wonder that such things are true.

—GERTRUDE BERRY, '32.

My Kind of Art

I LOVE the sea — the dark and bitter sea,
And the surf along the shore;
I love the tides that come and go,
And the storms that come before.

I love the twilight and the grey dawn,
The rocks and the trees in the lane;
I love the splendor of a high hill,
And the laughter of the rain.

I love to sketch a clouded sky,
And a beauty that wells in my heart
Of people, and life, and all these things
That belong to my kind of Art.

—GERTRUDE BERRY, '32.

I Don't Know Why

I DON'T know why I want to stay
Out in the woods at the dawn of day,
Or walk 'neath the moon over fragrant hills,
And listen for notes from the whip-poor-wills.

I don't know why the sky seems bluer,
Or the clouds that float through it seem fresher and newer,
Or why the scent of the new turned sod
Makes me realize the power of omnipotent God.

I don't know why the pines rejoice
With an audible, happy, crooning voice.
I don't know why my heart should sing,
Unless it's the call of awakening Spring.

—ROBERT CLOGSTON, '33.

Graduation Essays

America's Foreign Policy

By HENRY PRISBY

WHEN the United States gained its independence from England through the Revolutionary War, she adopted what was called an isolation policy which meant that she considered it unwise to interfere with European affairs. The policy was proposed by Washington when he issued his famous Proclamation of Neutrality and was later strengthened by the Monroe Doctrine.

And so it was that the United States avoided foreign relations and kept out of foreign affairs as much as possible. It was not until after the United States emerged from the World War, a creditor nation, with Europe looking towards her for support that she changed her ideas toward entangling herself with foreign nations. This was so perhaps because of the fact that the United States, because of the capital involved, felt that she was obliged to do so.

For a period after the war international trade increased tremendously. At the same time Germany asserted that she could not build herself up economically if she were forced to pay her war debts. An international committee investigated and reported that Germany could bear a reparation debt burden of \$625,000,000 a year.

That was the Dawes Plan, and upon undertaking to put the plan into effect, the German Government borrowed \$200,000,000 in gold from Great Britain, France, and the United States, to begin a policy of fulfillment. The Dawes Plan, however, did not state how many years this burden should be carried. It had not fixed the total amount of reparations to be paid, and for this reason a second body of experts tried to decide on a new plan.

This committee made an analysis of Germany's resources and declared that she could afford to pay only \$400,000,000 a year. That was the Young Plan, and upon undertaking to make this plan work, the German Government borrowed \$300,000,000 from Great Britain, France, and the United States to launch itself upon a second policy of fulfillment.

Thus we see that measures were taken to aid Germany. Even then she claimed that she was unable to build herself up. Accordingly, German bonds were floated in the United States, paying high rates of interest and on which Germany borrowed millions of dollars.

Then last summer in her political and economic crisis, she stated that she could not pay her reparations unless she could borrow more money for a period of six months. President Hoover, thinking to relieve the situation, declared a moratorium of one year on war debts.

Other European countries enter into this question of war debts also. France, Great Britain, Belgium, and others had been collecting as reparations from Germany somewhat more than \$400,000,000 a year and had been paying on account of their war debts to the American treasury less than \$50,000,000 a year. Thus a general international war debt holiday to save Germany would cost them the difference or more than \$150,000,000. Great Britain had been collecting from her war debtors only \$50,000,000 more than she

had been paying to the United States on account of her own American war debt and was therefore willing. But France had been collecting from Germany \$100,000,000 more than she had been paying out on account of her war debt and she was unwilling. France is trying to make us believe that what we did for her during the war was to be expected as a duty to an ally, and for this reason she is withholding her payments. Thus the problem is no nearer settlement than before.

After the war a League of Nations was proposed by Woodrow Wilson, vetoed by the American people but accepted by the European Nations. This league was formed and most of the nations of the world are now represented. Although America proposed the League, she is one nation which is not a member. There are many good reasons for and against the United States' joining the League and whether or not we shall join remains to be seen. Since we are not members of the League of Nations, it is impossible for us to be represented in the World Court.

During the past five months, trouble arose between China and Japan, and in the midst of it, the United States sent battleships into Pacific waters to protect her rights. It was feared that the United States would be involved in the affair, but we have succeeded thus far in keeping out of trouble. This controversy between China and Japan created the most serious problem the League of Nations has had to solve and although the United States is not a member, the member nations listened intently to all advice offered by the United States' delegates sent to "listen in" at the conferences.

Disarmament is another topic of interest which arose after the war, as it was felt by many that such a step would tend to lessen the possibilities of war. A naval conference aiming at disarmament was held at Geneva but was a failure because the great naval powers could not come to terms. Many other conferences were held but nothing definite could be agreed upon by the nations. Apparently they want the United States to be the first nation to disarm.

Thus we come to the present day. We see that in the earlier part of the twentieth century America clung to her isolation policy, keeping out of foreign affairs as much as possible. Having established herself as a nation, with Europe looking towards her for support, she changed her original policy and adopted the policy, "I am my brother's keeper," but in doing so was forced into foreign affairs. Had she remembered the full import of the doctrine, she might have gone far in advancing the cause of world brotherhood, but in consideration of the ease with which vast sums of money could be made at the expense of others, the capitalistic interests seem to have prevailed and the world as a whole is faced with the problem of how to restore the confidence of the people. The United States is faced with tremendous responsibilities and is receiving the censure of Europe because of present economic conditions.

What will come of all these problems? Will the United States be further involved in foreign affairs and their resulting problems? Whatever the foreign events in which we may find ourselves implicated in the future, we must lend our influence to a policy which will secure for the world universal prosperity and international peace and good-will.

Sires of the Big Bridge

By RICHARD MANSFIELD

IN THE passing of the years during the history of the United States many geniuses in their various environments have been passed by unmerited. For many months people in New York have gazed at electric signs flashing "Roebling's Cables" on the top of two massive towers. Those two words meant nothing to millions but unveiled to a few the history of the modern suspension bridge.

John Roebling came to America over one hundred years ago at the age of twenty-five. He had a fine education and was possessor of numerous talents. On his arrival to pioneering America he decided to be a farmer. Knowing nothing whatsoever of farming, he managed to earn a meagre living from the soil he worked in Saxonburg, Pennsylvania. Failing at farming, he turned to breeding canary birds. However, most of his birds turned out to be the unmusical females. To patch out his income he obtained employment as assistant engineer in making surveys and constructing waterways. In a short time he was devoting all his energy to that field and left his farm to be run by others.

On the New York canals cumbrous ropes of Kentucky hemp were used to drag the canal boats over the mountains. These ropes always broke at the most inconvenient times, and serious accidents resulted. Roebling was present one day when an accident occurred. He started thinking of the possibility of a wire rope, flexible enough to be wound on a windlass and which would also be smaller, stronger, and more lasting than a hempen cable. He built a rope walk on his farm and instructed his friends and neighbors in the art of rope twisting. They succeeded in making a wire rope far exceeding anything he had expected. Soon after, his wire cables began replacing the hempen ropes on the canals.

Roebling submitted figures to engineers for building an aqueduct over the Allegheny River at Pittsburg. There was considerable risk to the project, for no one before had attempted to suspend an aqueduct across a river by cables. He insisted that his figures were correct and was awarded the task. He set to work, knowing the result would be success or complete ruin for his future. The undertaking was, however, a definite success and he established a reputation. Roebling built three aqueducts while developing his ideas of suspending bridges by wire cables. His works are still in use today, unimpaired and still good for many years' service. As his farm now was not extensive enough for his workshops and wire mills, he moved to Trenton, New Jersey. He invented and designed practically every piece of machinery that went into his workshops.

Roebling wasn't the first man to build a suspension bridge. One was built across the Merrimac River at Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1810, and sixteen years later one across the Menai Straits, in Wales. Both were very small and supported by chains. Roebling, however, was the first man to use wire cables on a bridge.

How and where Roebling found time to do all that he did was a fact to be marvelled at. With no modern conveniences he managed to be a specialist in a half dozen fields. He attended scientific conventions and wrote voluminously for scientific journals. He invented tools and machinery and made his own drawings for the patent office. He designed bridges, canals, and portage railroads and superintended their construction. He was also an earnest student of metaphysics. When he died, he left an incomplete manuscript of over two thousand pages dealing with his conception of the universe. Yet each night before retiring he recorded carefully the day's happenings.

The contract to design and build the Brooklyn Bridge was awarded to Roebling after much discussion. It was predicted, however, that the wire cables would never be able to support a structure of such weight. He set to work on his designs and plans, but while making a preliminary survey, his foot was crushed on a ferry boat, and he died two weeks later of tetanus.

His death, however, did not interrupt work on what was to be his posthumous masterpiece. His son Washington A. Roebling was also a talented engineer. He was thoroughly familiar with the plans for the new bridge and had long enjoyed intimate, professional association with the greatest bridge builder of his day, his own father.

With great fervor the son gave himself to the task of completing the project. When the foundation caissons were sunk under the East River, he often went below and worked with the "sand hogs," eager to see the work at first hand and to be sure that every minute detail was correctly performed. Roebling one day had to be taken out of a caisson, paralysed by the "bends," the affliction most dreaded by those who work in an atmosphere of compressed air.

He remained partially paralysed, lost the use of his voice, and constantly suffered great physical pain. From a window in a house in Brooklyn Heights he watched the workers on the bridge with the aid of a telescope. Unable to talk, he wrote his instructions to the builders — page after page of detailed notes. Eleven years after the accident, from the same window he watched the President of the United States open the bridge to traffic. He died in 1926 at the age of eighty-four, leaving a great fortune, a flourishing business, an example of rare courage, and the Brooklyn Bridge.

When Washington Roebling resigned as president of the company at Trenton in order to devote all his time to the Brooklyn Bridge, his two brothers, Ferdinand and Charles, took charge of the cable plant. Both died shortly after America's entrance into the World War, for which the Roeblings supplied considerably important material, and Ferdinand's son Karl took charge. Karl literally worked himself to death furnishing the government with war supplies, and when he died in 1921, his brother, the grandson of John Roebling, ascended to the presidency of the company and occupies that post today.

The third generation of the Roeblings spun the cables for the Washington Bridge opened last October twenty-fourth. The two towers supporting the cables are 635 feet high. The strand consists of 434 original wires, and 61 strands are compressed into a cable thirty-six inches in diameter. The cables consist altogether of 57,000,000 pounds of steel and are strong enough

to carry four times as much traffic as the bridge can hold when loaded to capacity. The span across the river is twice the length of the largest span previously in existence or 3,500 feet long. The weight of the bridge hanging from the cables is 90,000 tons. The anchorage for the cables on the New Jersey side is the hard rock of the Palisades, hollowed out 250 feet deep. On the New York side a solid piece of masonry, 290 feet by 200 feet and ten stories high, is used. The bridge cost \$60,000,000. The cable in the George Washington Bridge has a strength of 70,000 pounds per square inch more than the cables in the Brooklyn Bridge, showing the advancement in their research laboratories. Some thirty or more devices were invented and patented by the Roeblings, which made possible the construction of the largest suspension bridge in three years and one month.

These facts are important and interesting, but no more so than the single thin wire rope which John Roebling fabricated a century ago, and which made them all possible. What, therefore, could have been more appropriate than naming the new bridge for John Roebling? No one can object to naming the new bridge after George Washington, for he can not be honored too much by his countrymen, but on the other hand there are many men who may not be honored enough.

America As Viewed by the World

By IDA WELLS

DURING this time of financial and political distress all over the world, it would be a good time perhaps to see what kind of impression we have created upon our foreign neighbors during the last three hundred years. Ever since the world has been civilized "they say," meaning the people in general, has often been the best means of spreading and enlarging on the gossip which the feminine part of the world can spread so easily. Sometimes, however, it may be beneficial to learn what others think of us.

The first country whose opinion we may consider is that of England. Because of her blood relationship to us her views should be particularly interesting. England's most noticeable reaction toward us is a profound contempt for the way in which the citizens of the United States disregard law and order. The Congress of the United States makes many laws which are broken by many an unscrupulous person who would be speedily brought to justice and promptly punished by Scotland Yard, according to his crime. Here, however, the English say that the wrongdoer is given a light sentence or none at all, and many of the so-called self-respecting and law abiding persons not only do not object but even allow this wholesale breaking of the law with hardly a cry of protest.

As far as finances are concerned, England, although she may think a lot, says very little. To a certain extent she respects the financial standing which the United States has acquired and of course is pleased because the Americans

are so willing to share their money with other countries and to help them out. However, England rather objects because the United States is inclined to dictate how England spends this borrowed money and yet allows other countries to spend the money borrowed from us in any way they see fit.

Of course the English people as a whole are rather slow and easy going, and they are therefore somewhat surprised and annoyed by the way in which the Americans are always in such a mad rush and are tearing to get somewhere. Then after we have arrived at our destination, we are not satisfied and rush madly off somewhere else, never definitely reaching our goal.

Now let us consider the opinions of Germany with whom we have had more contact within these past few years. Germany has produced some of the finest musicians and scientists that the world has ever known; therefore she naturally feels greatly superior to the United States in regard to the fine arts. She feels that the United States takes the more serious and finer things in life too lightly. The Germans are thoroughly convinced that the Americans very seldom go below the surface in order to appreciate art, literature, and science. They regard the superficial appreciation of the fine arts as another problem which the American should solve. In close connection with this contemptuous attitude, she also deplores our materialism which may or may not account for our lack of appreciation of true art. At the same time because of a fear that the United States may refuse to lend Germany any more money, for which she has great need, a certain respect that might otherwise be lacking has sprung up.

The next country whose opinion of us it will be interesting to learn is that of France. The French people are probably the most patriotic race of the world. Therefore the Frenchman often comments on the peculiarity of the patriotism of the people of the United States. The pride which many an American has in his heart for the United States is born of the consciousness of the practical advantages which he enjoys by being an American citizen and does not rise from the finer side of his nature. Perhaps this idea which France has is unjust, but she explains it by the fact that so much of the population of the United States is composed of naturalized citizens. To France the United States seems very young and we hardly realize the amusement France obtains by watching our antics. We, as a nation, are like a child who has grown too fast and has had to assume responsibility which causes it to grow old too quickly, and therefore in times of forgetfulness reverts awkwardly to the pleasures of youth.

France, as well as Germany and England, points out the materialism of the United States. The constant thought which occupies the mind of an American is how to make money and become a rich man. France believes that money is our watchword and that we have little thought of anything else.

Having discussed the opinions of three of the older countries of Europe, let us glance over those of a more recent government, Soviet Russia. There is no doubt that Soviet Russia greatly mistrusts the United States. She fears that the financial and industrial magnates of this country want a war in the Far East with Soviet Russia. She also mistrusts our military equipment although she hopes in the near future to equal it. In many ways Soviet Russia hopes to be like us, and in her opinion our commercialism is the best

point in our favor. Russia needs us to provide her with machines and other products so that she may develop her vast resources along the lines we have followed. Thus her attitude is a curious combination of respect and mistrust and yet a great need for us.

Belgium will always be grateful to the United States even if the other nations feel only jealous of us and are suspicious of our wealth. Other countries grumble because they have a feeling that the United States has a desire to run things and be mistress over all.

Now in consideration of these various opinions, how may we determine what we are really like and get a true conception of our country? We must remember that many of the European countries are so well versed in diplomacy that their opinions are very skilfully given and conceal to some extent many of our glaring faults. If we analyze many of these faults, we shall recognize at the same time that although our country is still young, it has attained a high place in the world. Perhaps as time passes we shall have learned that money and power are not so important in the advancement of a country as the United States seems to believe. Let us hope that the nation with its vast possibilities for leadership may profit by its mistakes and that it may be a power for truth and righteousness in the world.

Education In Ipswich

By EVELYN DODGE

IPSWICH was among the first towns of our country to set up a school. Since the establishment of the first school, education in Ipswich has been at various heights, and through all it has maintained a place comparable to that of other towns. Although today it may not be so outstanding as formerly, it is because now there are many other cities much greater in wealth, population, and capability of supporting educational institutions, while in the early days Ipswich was a leading town of New England and of much more importance than it is today. Even now we may glory in our past history and still consider our schools successful, for pupils of our schools are still going out of Ipswich and proving themselves of worth to our country.

Although the first school in Ipswich, established in 1636, was not successful, the townspeople did not allow themselves to be daunted by failure in their attempt to gain education for their youth. Seven years after the first attempt, a lasting school was set up with Lionel Chute as schoolmaster. The people of Ipswich took great pride in their Grammar School and manifested this pride in many ways. That they wanted only the best for their sons was shown in 1650 by the calling of Ezekiel Cheever to the position of schoolmaster. Ezekiel Cheever was one of the most illustrious teachers of the time and second to no other in New England. The calling of Mr. Cheever aroused interest in the welfare of the school, for in the following year Robert Paine erected a school building the use of which, together with that of a master's

house, he gave to the Grammar School. Under the able guidance of the new teacher the Ipswich Grammar School prospered and became famous. Pupils from outside came to Ipswich to receive their college preparation which consisted almost entirely of a thorough knowledge of Latin and Greek. We may be sure that this school was successful from the success of its pupils. Many of them were among the first graduates of Harvard College. John Rogers, one of the first graduates of the Ipswich Grammar School, was appointed the third president of Harvard College and was the first to be chosen for this honor from among its graduates. Other Ipswich graduates became ministers, doctors, and teachers, all helping in laying the foundations of our country. Much later after a long line of illustrious teachers, none of which, however, were as great as Ezekiel Cheever, the Ipswich Grammar School, which had in the meantime been moved from the Robert Paine school to the lower story of the Town House and then back near its original location to the building which is today used by the Lathrop Brothers as a barn, fell into a decadent condition. We see that the townspeople were dissatisfied with their school and no longer took pride in it from the fact that they sent the most brilliant and most promising of their sons out of town to be educated in preparation for college.

Meanwhile those children of the town who were younger than the grammar school pupils and who were not preparing to go to college began to seek a way in which they might gain general knowledge and simple instruction in the three "r" 's. As a result of this new demand for education, a system of district schools sprang up. These schools were established and maintained by the various districts of the town. It is interesting for us to note the difficulties with which our people once had to contend while in pursuit of education for their youth and the courageous manner in which they strove to surmount them. The attendance was irregular, and at times the school would be so crowded that there was hardly standing room for all present. At such times it was with great difficulty that the teacher maintained order, to say nothing of teaching lessons. Then it was sometimes impossible to secure efficient teachers. The teachers of the winter term were usually young men, recently graduated from college, who many times were younger than some of their pupils, and who never stayed for any great length of time at one school. These teachers had much trouble with discipline. The first day of the winter term, a very trying ordeal, decided whether the teacher would rule the school or whether the pupils would put him out. The summer term was taught by girls of the neighborhood, who were glad to earn their "pin" money. In spite of all disadvantages these schools played an important part in the education and culture of the common people of the time. With the exception of the Linebrook School these schools, which laid the foundation for our grammar schools of today, have been discontinued in favor of more modern schools in the center of the town.

At the same time as the district schools there were "dame schools," which were probably somewhat comparable to the private kindergarten of today. To these schools went the children who were too young to attend the district schools. The only one of these schools of which there is much record is the one kept by Dame Jewett, an energetic and ambitious woman, who

received the tuition for her pupils sometimes in the form of a day's labor and sometimes as a certain amount of butter and cheese.

The greatest educational institution that our town has ever had is the Ipswich Female Seminary. When the Grammar School began to decline, the people, who always desired their youth to have the best advantages possible, felt the need of something to take its place. At first the Ipswich Academy, opened to both young men and young women, was established, but it soon gave way to the Female Seminary in 1828. During its first period of greatness the seminary was guided by Miss Zilpah Grant and Miss Mary Lyon, who later founded Mount Holyoke Seminary in South Hadley. Under their leadership the seminary became famous and attracted many pupils from outside. Later after the retirement of both these leaders, the school fell into a period of decline from which it was retrieved by the admirable skill of Rev. John Cowles and Mrs. Cowles. Together these two worked not so much to instruct their girls in their studies as to instill into their hearts the principles of truth and right. After this second era of greatness a second and final decline became evident. The growth of other seminaries and the establishment of the high school made the closing of the seminary inevitable. Although the school was forced to discontinue its sessions, it had not failed. Instead it had been highly successful in putting forth so many competent women, many of whom later became noted.

Shortly after the founding of the Ipswich Female Seminary, the seeking for instruction in English and other everyday subjects, as well as the classical languages taught by the Grammar School, resulted in the establishment of what is now called the "high school." Through the generosity of Mr. Thomas Manning, who left money for the building of a new high school, it was possible for the youth of the town of both sexes to enjoy the benefits of a free high school education. This Manning High School, established in 1874, has played and is still playing a valuable part in the education of the youth of Ipswich. Insomuch as our past has been notable and successful, let us hope that likewise our future in education will be as successful and that Ipswich pupils, following the example of their forebears, will always be a credit to their town.

CLASS DAY PARTS

Class History

By PARKER HALL

IN THE fall of 1928, one of the largest and most illustrious classes ever to graduate from the Junior High School entered Manning High. We were a little timid at first, but soon got over our timidity as the faculty will testify. We went through the usual process of getting acclimated, adjusting and readjusting our programs, and being "initiated." In the latter ceremony, one of our smaller members, Clinton Spencer, had to be carried down the stairs as he was too light to be pushed.

After some instruction on the part of our new principal and teachers, we held our first class meeting. We chose as our class officers to lead us during our first year John Burke, President; Grover Bailey, Vice President; Gardiner Bolles, Secretary; John Carey, Treasurer. The one event we enjoyed during that year was a social at which we became better acquainted with our new friends, and the games seemed new and interesting — yes, even seven-in and seven-out.

We returned in September and began the year's activities with a class meeting. We elected Mildred Hardy, President; Grover Bailey, Vice President; Marion McGlew, Secretary; and Richard Mansfield, Treasurer. Mildred has a temper which we had the pleasure of witnessing at some of the class meetings, but in spite of it she made a good leader for our sophomore year.

In October the band instruments were given out. "Buddy" Brennan received a trombone. All could hear his music, but no one could see "Buddy," he being completely eclipsed by his instrument. On the contrary Norman Ewing, who was given a bass horn, could be both seen and heard without difficulty.

After the summer vacation we returned as upper classmen. We soon elected our class officers. Apparently we had had enough of petticoat government, for we elected only boys to represent us during our junior and senior years. For our junior year our officers were Richard Mansfield, President; George Greene, Vice President; Douglas Wood, Secretary; Ashley Jewett, Treasurer. These class meetings were much enlivened by debates between John Burke and Richard Pickard, and "Doug" Wood, our class secretary, seemed to have a good time "kidding" them about their differences.

Our first appearance was in a class assembly called "The Birds' Christmas Carol." "Buddy" Brennan was the baby and Eleanor King was the distracted mother of a large family. Aside from a few minor accidents such as the screen's almost falling over when they were giving the baby a bath, and "Al" Hodgkins's falling off the stage, the play was a success. Our next appearance before the school was at an A. A. stunt night. Jewett, the "coachie dear," in dress suit and tall silk hat was the outstanding attraction. His actions were supplemented by the sissified imitation of a football team, which consisted of the most talented of '32." The entertainment was a success and netted us the Grand Prize of two empty vanilla bottles, donated by the Varsity Club.

The big event of the year, however, was of course the Junior Prom. The decorating committee worked hard under the supervision of Miss Blodgett and made the town hall resplendent in green and white, our class colors. The Prom. was engineered successfully and enjoyed by all. The next event was the Junior-Senior Day. This was held in May. Contests of various kinds were held between the two classes, but the seniors, the Class of 1931, being a year older and wiser than we, received the most points and won the honors of the day. In fact, in view of the rough handling we received, we considered ourselves lucky to get away with our lives. There were no hard feelings, however, and that evening we held a farewell social in their honor. Thus the years were passing quickly and we found out that we ourselves were to be seniors.

In September we entered the school as happy-go-lucky seniors, not quite the dignified type as the teachers soon found out. We held our first class meeting and decided that we would elect another group of boys to be our final class offices. They were Richard Mansfield, President; George Greene, Vice President; Douglas Wood, Secretary; Donald Wood, Treasurer. They have made a creditable showing especially in leading devotional services in the home room, although a question always arose as to whose turn it was to officiate, especially when it was "Doug" Wood's turn.

Our first appearance before the school as seniors was in a Thanksgiving assembly called "Just Joy." Appleton took the prophetic part of the father of a small family which was well portrayed, and Frances Ames, whose thankfulness put the other characters to shame, took the part of Just Joy and cultivated a good limp. Though Appleton's attempts at groans brought forth real ones from the rest of the cast at rehearsals, he managed to get through them at the final production.

The next play was a real one, the senior play, when "The Charm School" was presented by a large cast. Jewett's almost professional ease upon the stage merited special commendation. Another interesting feature was the fact that Don and Doug Wood played the part of twins. They were a good pair even though they occasionally mixed up each other's speeches at rehearsals. Parking space for the buggy used in the third act proved to be another problem as it could not well be paraded through the hall and hoisted over the footlights at the final performance. But in spite of all difficulties including late hours, wrecked nerves, and ruined dispositions, the play was a success.

The next class activity was having our pictures taken. Everyone tried to pose as either John Barrymore or Greta Garbo, and Vantine did the shooting. We all thought we were handsomer than we were, but cameras don't lie. The photographer tried to get our class president Mansfield to smile, but Mansfield maintained his stern icy look. Our last duty to old Manning High was to publish the senior year book. Some of us have worked long and hard, fast and furious in an effort to get *The Tiger* to the printer on the appointed hour.

Our last few weeks have been filled with feverish attempts to attain an average of 80 percent that would excuse us from final examinations and also with preparations for our graduation activities. But at last we are here. We have completed our task and will forever hold as cherished memories our days in Manning High.

Class Prophecy

By FRANCES AMES AND ASHLEY JEWETT

Time: 1952.

Scene: Customs Office.

ASHLEY. May I see your passport?

FRANCES. Certainly, here it is.

ASHLEY. I hope you don't think me too personal, but your picture and name seem familiar.

FRANCES. You don't say? That's what the Frenchmen said, too. Are you through with it?

ASHLEY. I beg your pardon. May I see your bags? Well, this looks familiar.

FRANCES. It's the composite picture of my class, -- not that it's any of your business.

ASHLEY. Our class, you mean.

FRANCES. Say, where do you get that community attitude? I don't know you.

ASHLEY. Well, take a good look at that bit of Vantine's super-human ability. See any resemblance?

FRANCES. Why yes, I remember you now; you're Ashley Jewett.

ASHLEY. Not a soul else and you're the same Frances Ames I knew at school. I recognized you the minute I saw your passport. But what are you doing here?

FRANCES. I'm just returning from France where I have been doing some buying for Wood and Wood, Furriers of Boston.

ASHLEY. This certainly is a pleasant surprise. Tell me more about our classmates.

FRANCES. Many of them have left town but there are still some in Ipswich who are doing very well. Kenneth Poor, George Greene, and Gardiner Bolles were elected selectmen at the last town meeting and now the old town is booming again.

ASHLEY. That's good. Say, what was all the commotion outside before you came in?

FRANCES. A man fell overboard. When they finally pulled him out, it was none other than Clinton Spencer. It seems that he has just adopted bi-focals recently and walked off the gang plank. His rescuer was identified as "Nummy" Ewing, captain of the boat we were on. How do you like being Customs Inspector?

ASHLEY. It's all right, but it has its faults. For instance I was responsible for one of my best friends' being sent to jail. Upon inspecting his baggage I found a missing lot of jewels which had been stolen from Hall's jewelry shop. Cook was the man's name. Too bad, he was a fine fellow.

FRANCES. Yes, he was. While I was in Paris, I was staying at a hotel and the first person I recognized was Harold Chambers, who was running the elevator. The biggest surprise, however, was a sign which I saw while out walking. The sign read "Mlles. Arthur and Hardy — Maison de Beaute."

I went in for a wave and was greeted by none other than Margaret and Mildred. They certainly do good work.

ASHLEY. When I first came to this office, Joseph Kobos was the janitor but he bothered the rest of the help so that I had to fire him. The last I heard of him he had engaged passage on a tramp steamer. If he pesters them there, I guess he'll have to be thrown overboard.

FRANCES. I had a letter from Evelyn Dodge last week. She is a teacher of Latin in Ipswich. She says that at last they have succeeded in getting a new high school and that the architect was none other than Gertrude Berry. Eleanor King is on the same faculty teaching French. She drives back and forth from Manchester every day in her Ford.

ASHLEY. I saw some more of our classmates the other day. I had occasion to go to Boston, and while I was there, the fire alarm rang. As I had plenty of time and the fire wasn't far away I went to it. There, holding the hose was Frederick Mackinney. Arthur Brennan still holds his position as water boy. He was turning the water on. I was talking to them after the fire, and they said that John Burke was a mail pilot and had made quite a name for himself because of his "Hardy"-ness.

FRANCES. Mother wrote me recently that Ileen Marcorelle, Gladys Cummings, and Gianefa Kubic had a kindergarten in Georgetown which is a suburb of Rowley. They were doing very well at last reports.

ASHLEY. Of course you know that the Clifford Appleton who wrote the book entitled *A Stage Groan* is none other than the Clifford Appleton that we knew. Another member of our class who is famous is Kenneth Morong who made quite a hit in the latest Broadway show. He doesn't have to surround himself with pictures of chorus girls now that he has the real article.

FRANCES. I read in the paper recently that Barbara Stone and Ida Wells have made a very important discovery in the field of animal research work. There was a picture of them in their laboratory. I believe that it said that the animal before them was a cat. As I remember it, Ida did like cats in chemistry class.

ASHLEY. Charlotte Smith was in our chemistry class, too, remember? I guess she gave up the idea of being a chemist because I saw by the paper that she and Grover Bailey are getting married and that the Reverend Richard Mansfield is to officiate.

FRANCES. Those inseparable Rowley girls Marion Grundstrom, Avis Heald, and Beatrice Jedrey are still together. They are headliners at a night club in Paris.

ASHLEY. Henry Prisby has taken over the management of the *Boston Evening News*, while Arthur Nikas is a star reporter. They always worked together, you remember.

FRANCES. Elizabeth Williams has a dentist's office of her own in Boston. She has perfected a painless method of extracting teeth.

ASHLEY. Marjorie Dolan is engaged in private tutoring, specializing in chemistry and Latin.

FRANCES. Catherine Comeau is dietitian at the Newburyport Hospital.

ASHLEY. Helen Alhowik and Alice Hamm are secretaries for the firm

of Barney and Hodgkins who run a large bus line all over the country.

FRANCES. Elsie Lang has recently completed a course of lectures on "The Care of Children." She ought to know something about the subject after her early years of training.

ASHLEY. You're right. I rather surmised she'd follow that line. By the way, have you heard Francis Mullen's latest song hit, "Looking for a Sweetheart"?

FRANCES. Yes, it's very popular,—so full of his personal appeal. George Galanis is writing songs, too. "The Banana Vendor" is his latest.

ASHLEY. That's killing two birds with one stone all right. What's Paul Karchonas doing?

FRANCES. Oh, he manages the Strand now. Speaking of the Strand reminds me that I must be getting along; I want to get home in time to see Earl Dodge of Hollywood fame. He's appearing in person there all this week. He certainly made a quick flight to stardom.

ASHLEY. Well, he comes from Rowley, you know. I'm sorry that you have to hurry. But I wouldn't miss that show either if I could get off. It seems good to hear news about the old times, and I'm certainly glad to have seen you. Drop in again when you're up this way.

FRANCES. Yes, I will. Goodbye.

ASHLEY. Goodbye, and give my regards to the gang.

Gifts to Girls

By CLIFFORD APPLETON

ONE warm evening a few weeks ago, I decided to stay at home and improve my mind by reading a bit of Shakespeare. Selecting the well-known *Merchant of Venice* from the bookshelf, I seated myself in a large arm chair and was soon deep in the adventures of Bassanio, Antonio, the fair Portia, and that old scoundrel Shylock. The time passed, and the clock on the mantel struck the hour of twelve. I closed the book and was about to put it on the table when I heard a soft rustling beside me. I looked up, and to my amazement there stood the fair Portia with her three caskets of gold, silver, and lead. The glittering radiance of the golden casket fairly dazzled me and inscribed on the lid were these words, "Who chooseth me shall be rid of present difficulties." Realizing that my present difficulty was to select proper gifts for the senior girls, I, unlike the more cautious Bassanio, chose the golden casket at once and Portia nodded with a smile of satisfaction and faded away. Nervously I opened the casket but to my great relief I found it filled to overflowing with many gifts waiting to be presented to their feminine owners.

Now to Helen Alhowik, who will have a remarkable career as a secretary, this pencil.

To Frances Ames, this strand of Rope-er — we will let her tie the knot.

To Margaret Arthur, our class blusher, this can of red paint to render her blushes less noticeable.

To Gertrude Berry, who has so worthily upheld her position as class artist, this whitewash brush.

To Catherine Comeau and Gianefa Kubic, who wish to become nurses, these thermometers.

To Gladys Cummings, who is going to be a teacher, this valuable fountain pen.

To Evelyn Dodge, who has a strong passion for camping at the beach, this sand pail.

To Marjorie Dolan, this little dog who will always follow her around and answers to the name of "Buddy."

To Marion Grundstrom, who frequently walks the long and dusty roads between Rowley and Georgetown, this car.

To Alice Hamm, who loves sweet things, this (L)eclair.

To Mildred Hardy, this little gun, to be aimed at the male element when they annoy her.

To Avis Heald, this cushion, to make her riding on the grain truck more comfortable.

To Beatrice Jedrey, this bottle of glue, so that she and Jerry may always stick together.

To Eleanor King, this new Ford, to replace the old broken-down one.

To Elsie Lang, who frequently visits the city of Peabody, this aeroplane which will take her there in short order.

To Ileen Marcorelle, our class saint, this long white robe and pair of wings.

To Charlotte Smith, this bucket. When she goes on boat rides, she can start Bailey-ing.

To Ida Wells this megaphone, in remembrance of the good old days when she was Manning's cheer leader.

To Barbara Stone, this fly swatter, in remembrance of her efforts in keeping off a certain pest in chemistry class.

To Elizabeth Williams, who is interested in dentistry, these false teeth which she may study closely.

The golden casket was empty and I was silently admiring the beautiful carvings and estimating its worth when Portia again appeared, snatched the casket away from me, and was gone. She would probably sell it to Shylock anyway.

Gifts to Boys

By CHARLOTTE SMITH

THE gifts for boys in former years
Have come from foreign lands,
Or from imaginary crystal gazers
With their long and mystic hands.

But this year depression over-ruled
And caught me in his den;
So the gifts I have for you boys today
Came from Woolworth's "Five and Ten."

I have for Buddy Brennan,
The youngest of us all,
A pair of baby bootees
To fit his feet so small.

For Jackie Burke, our future Rudy,
Who loves to croon and sing,
I give this little pitch pipe,
A musical little thing.

For George Greene, a can of "Flit"
To keep away a fair one,
But just in case this doesn't work,
I'd recommend a shot-gun.

For Ellis Hodgkins, a sewing kit
In which to keep his "Patch"
Until the day when he decides
She'll make a perfect match.

And now for Grover Bailey
In case his friends increase
I give a new style telephone,
May "Central" rest in peace!

Here's to Earl Dodge, our handsomest boy;
Of his beauty he must take care,
This handy cake of Fairy soap
Will preserve his skin so fair.

For Fred Mackinney, this little rabbit,
But one you cannot kill,
It may perhaps save you many a trip
You are now making to Town Hill.

And here's something for Cliffie Appleton
And lo and behold, it's a wig!
Even though it's a reminder of the senior play,
You may need it when you get big.

For Gardiner Bolles, a tool chest,
To repair a broken down Ford,
If by chance this is your pastime,
Of course you won't be bored.

An alarm clock for Arthur Nikas
Although it's the end of the term.
Be sure and set it before sunrise,
For "the early bird catches the worm."

For Parker Hall, some nursery songs.
It may make your heart feel gladder
To know that all beginners
Start at the bottom of the ladder.

For Kenneth Poor, a box of balloons,
To hold your surplus air;
We know you always talked a lot
And yet didn't seem to care.

For Henry Prisby, a return ball,
In ball games you excel;
We've watched you play through many a game
And know you play them well.

For Joseph Kobos, a mousetrap
Filled with a snappy bait
In hopes to catch the Class Pest
Before it is too late.

For Clinton Spencer, some chicken feed
When he runs his chicken farm,
And so long as he sticks to the right kind of chicks,
He'll never come to harm.

Here's to Ashley Jewett,
The wonder of the age.
By this bouquet we tribute pay
To his skill upon the stage.

For Harold Chambers, our woman hater,
I have this little thing, (wedding ring)
For some day in the future
Those wedding bells will ring.

For Kennie Morong, a nut cracker
Made from the best of lead;
Remember it's to crack your jokes with
And not to crack your head.

Though Paul Karchonas is quiet,
He yet may rise to fame.
We give him a box of "cocoa,"
In honor of his name.

"Tumpy" Cook, a childish lad,
Who likes to fool, unseen,
Will find this very useful,
A handy good-sized screen.

For Nummy Ewing, a bottle of liniment,
The grand dad of '32;
It rubs away the aches and pains
That old age may inflict on you.

For Dickie Mansfield, a ping pong set
To add to his present fame,
And we're hoping in the future
He'll be champion of this game.

For Joseph Barney, an auto horn
That in merriment he may share,
He often sits within our midst,
And we never know he's there.

For George Galanis, a newspaper boy
Who travels far from home,
I have this little compass
To return him safely home.

To Moon Mullens whose gift for music is varied
A comb to complete your collection.
When you serenade your blonde neighbor
May she regard you with affection.

For Donald Wood, a curling iron
To make a permanent wave;
Now just see in the coming years
All the money you can save.

And finally for Dougie Wood
The "Playboy of Manning High,"
This artistic little derby
To replace the one gone by.

The boys in our class are priceless gems,
But I'm glad there are no more,
For I've cleaned out every counter
In the Five and Ten cent store.

Class Will

By KENNETH POOR

BE IT remembered that We, the class of 1932 of Ipswich in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of sound mind and memory, but knowing the uncertainty of this life do make this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by us at any time heretofore made.

After the payment of our just debts and funeral charges, we bequeath and devise as follows:

To the Faculty:

Item: A radio to entertain them during spare periods.

Item: A machine to file the enormous amount of afternoon slips.

To the Pupils of M. H. S.:

Item: Six large easy chairs to take the place of the famous benches.

Item: Private telephones so they may communicate with the girl across the hall.

To the Freshmen:

Item: The privilege of descending from the attic and sitting across from the lofty seniors.

Item: The privilege of participating in the so-called initiations.

Item: The privilege of wearing long trousers.

To the Sophomores:

Item: The privilege of selecting class rings for other pupils to wear.

Item: The privilege of becoming upper-classmen and assuming a sophisticated air.

To the Juniors:

The most high and esteemed position of instructing the freshmen in the "customs" of the school.

Item: Self-filling inkwells to be established in Room IV to abolish the usual bustle noticeable every Monday morning.

To Edgar Adams, a copy of the book, *How to Catch Rabbits*.

To Murray Adams, the position of Janitor in Room IV.

To Charles Adams, a submarine to explore the depths of Rowley River.

To Benny Andrion, an airplane, as it seems an automobile is too slow for him.

To Albert Anzuoni, a copy of the book, *Just Another Smith*.

To Barbara Arthur, a position in the band where she may be near her trombone player.

To James Austin, a position on next year's football team.

To Beatrice Austin and Thelma Davis, a pair of handcuffs so they may not become separated.

To Arnold Bennett, a crown to remind him of his "King."

To John Bialek, a front seat in the freshman English class where he may entertain the freshmen.

To George Blodgett, a copy of the book, *Why Girls Walk Home*.

To George Bournazos, the privilege of teaching the freshmen boys how to wrestle.

To Jane Bokron, Mabel Currier, Helen Galanis, Irene Graf, Wilda Parsons, and Rose Poirier, who are quiet little girls, a few bombs with which to start something.

To Clifford Bradstreet, Randolph Emerson, Lazarus Lazaropoulos, and Lennart Swenson, a trip to the North Pole where they may escape the attentions of women.

To Anthony Budzianowski, our football captain, our heartiest wishes for a victorious season.

To Dorothea Chapman, who is quiet and doesn't have to be watched, a back seat in Room IV.

To Dorothea Clapp, a telephone to call up Mildred during study periods.

To Edward Crellin, a grindstone to sharpen the knife he always carries.

To Tony Cynkus, the honor of being class chauffeur. We feel sure he won't scare his passengers.

To Robert Clogston, the honor of being class poet.

To Theodore Cuik, a rattle, the use of which we need not mention.

To Mary Clemeno, the seat in Room IV recently vacated by Catherine Comeau.

To Mary Fido, a high chair so she may see and be seen over the desks in Room IV.

To Stephen Goverek, the privilege of delivering slips for Miss Allen.

To Warren Grant, a horse and buggy in which he may go riding with Mildred.

To Dorothy Greene, the privilege of retaining her brother's position on the football team.

To Margaret Hamm and Dorothy Miller, positions as typists for *The Cub* next year.

To John Hayes, a copy of the play, "The Passionate Plumber."

To Elizabeth Hill, a motorboat in which she may ride to school.

To Mary Johnson, a pair of overalls to wear while working in the filling station.

To Helen Kozeneska, the book entitled, *A Poet's Dream*. We hope it inspires her.

To Sophie Klosowski, a back seat in Room IV where she may tend the ventilator.

To Stephen Kozazcki, a pair of handcuffs and a gun with which he may aid Mrs. Lord in the pursuit of mischievous freshmen.

To Stashia Kuconis, a seat near the windows in Room IV where she may watch the airplanes pass.

To Bessie Lampropoulos, a revolving chair so she may turn around without attracting Miss Manzer's attention.

To Ervin Langmaid, a trip to Hollywood where he may substitute for Charlie Chaplin in the movies.

To Sigrid Lind, the honor of being class man-hater.

To Mary Los, a sign signifying that she is a senior to prevent her being mistaken for a freshman.

To Catherine Lucey, a set of golf clubs for her "Caddy" to carry around.

To Aldene Marcorelle, an adding machine for use while working in the store.

To Kathryn McPhail, a soap box to stand upon while reciting in classes.

To Earl McCormick, the privilege of finding lost freshmen for Miss Allen.

To Margaret McLeod and Anne Patch, a cash register for use in the candy room.

To Mary Minichiello, a racing car in which she may break the speed record established by her brother.

To Eleanor Mitchell, a private bus in which she may take the senior boys to the football games.

To Beatrice Mosher, a few spare nickels so she won't always be borrowing them.

To Lillian Player, the privilege of ringing the County House bell every morning so the pupils of M. H. S. won't be tardy.

To Peter Retales, a bell boy's uniform so that he may escort the freshmen to the bench in style.

To Theodore Rice, the honor of being the class crooner.

To Mildred Rogers, a little dog. We suggest that she name it "Mickey."

To Emily Savage, a few singing lessons which we hope will strengthen her voice.

To Christine Scourletis, the honor of being class saint.

To Harold Sholes, a tool chest with which he may repair the desks in Room IV when they become broken.

To Kathleen Singer, a Ford roadster to keep up with "Jerry's" Plymouth.

To Ernest Smith, a position with Rudy Vallee's orchestra when he graduates.

To Sylvia Todd, a gun with which she may protect herself from lower-classmen.

To George Torpey, the honor of being class clown.

To Alice Wegzyn, a hoe which may be used for raising vegetables for the football squad. We suggest that she raise spinach which contains iron.

To Mary Williams, a position on the famous "Hot Dog Squad."

To Alice Witham, a pair of earmuffs so the trains won't awaken her in the morning.

In testimony whereof we hereunto set our hand and in the presence of three witnesses declare this to be our last will, this twenty-second day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirty-two.

CLASS OF 1932.

On this twenty-second day of June A.D. 1932, Class of 1932 of Ipswich, Massachusetts, signed the foregoing instrument in our presence declaring it to be their last will and hereafter we three, as witnesses and at their request in their presence and in the presence of each other hereto subscribe our names.

KENNETH POOR

RICHARD MANSFIELD, *President*,

GEORGE GREENE, *Vice President*.

Graduation Program

M. H. S. MARCH	Tozer
M. H. S. ORCHESTRA	
INVOCATION	
REV. ELIZABETH C. BROWN	
“SONG OF THE ARMORER”	Nevin
M. H. S. CHORUS	
ESSAY — America’s Foreign Policy	
HENRY PRISBY	
ESSAY — Sires of the Big Bridge	
RICHARD MANSFIELD	
“COUNTRY GARDENS”	Grainger
M. H. S. GLEE CLUB	
ESSAY — America as Viewed by the World	
IDA WELLS	
ESSAY — Education in Ipswich	
EVELYN DODGE	
“MIGNONETTE OVERTURE”	Seredy
M. H. S. ORCHESTRA	
ADDRESS	
REV. CARROLL PERRY	
PRESENTATION OF PRIZES	
PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS	
DR. ERNEST J. SMITH, <i>Chairman of School Committee</i>	
BENEDICTION	
REV. ELIZABETH C. BROWN	

Annual Class Day Exercises

BY

M. H. S.—CLASS OF 1932

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1932

PART I

“THE EVACUATION OF BOSTON”

A Play of the American Revolution in One Act

BY

ESTHER WILLARD BATES

CHARACTERS:

Prudence Lechmere	Eleanor King
Mistress Hutchinson	Evelyn Dodge
Mistress Pepperell	Mildred Hardy
Mistress Grantland	Elizabeth Williams
Lydia	Beatrice Jedrey
Susan	Barbara Stone
Colonel Haynes	Douglas Wood
Colonel Hastings	John Burke
Captain Ritchie	Grover Bailey
Lieutenant Chisholm	Donald Wood
Lieutenant Dennison	Richard Mansfield
Williams	Gardiner Bolles
General George Washington	Norman Ewing
Sons of Liberty	

PART II

Class History	Parker Hall
Class Prophecy	Frances Ames, Ashley Jewett

Time — 1952

Place — Customs Office

Gifts to Girls	Clifford Appleton
Gifts to Boys	Charlotte Smith
Class Will	Kenneth Poor
School Song	

Music by M. H. S. Orchestra

Honor Awards

Fourth Year — Gold Ring

DONALD WOOD, '32

HENRY PRISBY, '32

Third Year — Gold Pin

EVELYN DODGE, '32

First Year — Bronze Pin

ARTHUR BRENNAN, '32

IDA WELLS, '32

JOHN BIALEK, '33

MARGARET McLEOD, '33

.....

ANNE PATCH, '33

HONOR STUDENTS

The following have maintained an average of 85 percent for four years:

EVELYN DODGE

ELEANOR KING

HENRY PRISBY

IDA WELLS

HELEN ALHOWIK

Helen is a girl who accomplishes things. She and Alice Hamm are pals. Together they have spent many hours getting "The Cub" ready for publication. Senior Play; Girls' Basketball; French Club; Glee Club; A. A.; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs.



FRANCES AMES

"Taffy" is one of our prettiest girls. She is always laughing and full of fun, but has proved she can be serious and dignified by the manner in which she played her part in the senior play. In spite of her attractions outside of school, she adds "pep" to any school gathering. Senior Play; Operetta; Girls' Basketball; Glee Club; French Club; Class Prophecy; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; Latin Club.



CLIFFORD APPLETON

The part of old man is always given to "Cliffie," and he has carried this part out very well in his successful stage career in high school. Senior Play; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; French Club; Class Gifts to Girls; Class Author; A. A.

MARGARET ARTHUR

Margaret was elected class blusher, although she doesn't like to be reminded of it. Although Margaret lives away from town, she is always around when there is anything doing. She is a good sport and one whom we are always glad to have among us. Senior Play; Operetta; French Club; A. A.; Chapel Music; Chorus Accompanist; Glee Club; Honor Award; Girls' Basketball.



GROVER BAILEY

"Buster" has joined the ranks of Cupid and his attentions toward a certain dentist's daughter, who is the other class lover, lead us to believe that he may make an attempt at "living happily ever after." Good luck, Buster! A. A.; Varsity Club; Operetta; Class Day Play; Football.



JOSEPH BARNEY

"Joe" is a fellow from Linebrook and because of that fact is rather bashful although he is well liked by the whole class. His wide grin helps us to like him. Commercial Club; A. A.



GERTRUDE BERRY

"Gert" was our class artist and during her senior year successfully depicted our Manning Cub on the covers of our magazines. Although we seldom heard from her, she proved most indispensable in her corner seat of Room IV. "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; A. A.; Operetta; Treasurer of Art Club; President of Glee Club; Captain of Basketball Team; Girls' Baseball; Class Poet; Club Artist.

GARDINER BOLLES

Gardiner is one of those fellows who appear to be quiet and are just the opposite. When Poor and he got together in Economics, there was plenty of noise ending in a trip to the bench. A. A.; Class Day Play.



ARTHUR BRENNAN

"Botchka" is one of our most celebrated musicians. He played the trombone in the band but gave it up for the piano. Because of his skill on the piano he plays for the Rotary Club and is pianist for the jazz orchestra. He earns the name of Class Baby because he is only fourteen years old. Treasurer of French Club; A. A.; Varsity Club; Class Baby; Jazz Orchestra; Manager of Football.



JOHN BURKE

"Jack" is our class crooner and orator. He has a very glib tongue as shown by the jokes he played on Bolles. His ambition is to be a radio crooner, but radio fans will have to decide about this. A. A.; Football; Varsity Club; Operetta; Class Day Play.



HAROLD CHAMBERS

The fact that Harold was elected class woman-hater is not held against him. In fact we respect his common sense. He also possesses that ability of minding his own business which is essential to success. A. A.

CATHERINE COMEAU

Catherine is pleasingly plump and jolly. She once had long and lovely curls and we all felt sorry when she had them cut off. Her pet subject is economics. Her ambition is to be a nurse and we are sure she will prove to be both capable and successful. Glee Club.



FRANK COOK

"Tumpie" is one of our class comedians as was shown by the parts that he held in the Operetta for two years and also by his antics in the home room. A. A.; Operetta.



GLADYS CUMMINGS

Gladys is very quiet and it wouldn't be a bad idea if some of the noisier members of Room IV were more like her. Glee Club.



EARL DODGE

Earl certainly put Rowley on the map this year, because the honor of best looking boy was captured by none other than Rowley's own Earl. The best part is that it hasn't turned his head either. A. A.

EVELYN DODGE

"Evie" is our idea of a perfect student. For four years we have been wondering how one person could have so many brains. She is our inspiration and our guiding star. Follow "Evie" and you'll never go wrong. Glee Club; A. A.; Honor Award; Honor Student; Basketball; Operetta; Senior Play; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; President of French Club; Latin Club; Class Day Play.



MARJORIE DOLAN

"Margie" is our most silent member. She is planning to take a P. G.; so, seniors, prepare to see the Class Baby return also. Glee Club; A. A.; Operetta; Senior Play; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; French Club; Latin Club.



NORMAN EWING

"Nummy's" favorite pastime has been chasing little freshmen through the halls. Mrs. Lord is their only savior. Some one should put them wise though because at heart "Num" is as meek and gentle as the rest of us. Just to see him amble across the room brings laughter in which even the teachers join. Sec. of A. A.; President of Varsity Club; Class Day Play; Football.



GEORGE GALANIS

"Giggles" describes George perfectly, but he does not sacrifice his studies for the pleasure he gets in school. His connections with the Salem News Company show that he is ambitious and not afraid to work. A. A.

GEORGE GREENE

"Greenie" is another of our best athletes. He has honorable mention as class athlete. He has made his letter in football, baseball, and basketball. Captain of Baseball Team; Treasurer of Varsity Club; Vice President of Senior Class; A. A.; "Tiger" Staff; Three Letter Man.



MARION GRUNDSTROM

Marion is one of our silent members who comes from Rowley. She is one of our best students who obeys her teachers and knows her lessons. A. A.; Glee Club; Operetta.



PARKER HALL

"Hallie" is one of the bright spots in class as he is always joking. He was one of the class workers as a stage manager of the senior play and had a leading part in the operetta. A. A.; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; Commercial Club; Class History.



ALICE HAMM

Alice is our class grandmother, but you'd never know it, for she's as spry as any of us. She has a winning smile and is always merry. Her one weakness is a certain lower classman. Senior Play; Vice President of Glee Club; Treasurer of Commercial Club; A. A.; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs.

MILDRED HARDY

"Milly" is our best looking and also most popular girl. A certain "English Lord" is going to miss "Milly" when she stays home next year. Best Looking Girl; Most Popular Girl; Senior Play; Operetta; Secretary of Glee Club; A. A.; Commercial Club; Class Day Play.



AVIS HEALD

Avis is another of our members to come from Rowley. They all have about the same tactics. They are good workers and know how to obey orders. You can't miss her as she is our only "red head." Glee Club.



ELLIS HODGKINS

"Al" is one of the clammers in our class. He hails from the "Ninth Ward." At first it seemed evident that he would be class caveman, but we forgot about "Nummy." A. A.; Varsity Club; Baseball; Hockey.



BEATRICE JEDREY

Beatrice is a delight to us all, for here is a girl who will listen to someone else talk. In spite of her quietness she has very decided opinions, which she occasionally expresses. Operetta; Glee Club; A. A.; Class Day Play.

ASHLEY JEWETT

"Charlie" is our class actor. Through his ability as a hero the operettas and senior play were marked successes. He was our treasurer in 1931 and also held a leading part in the operetta that year. His popularity is shown by the positions he holds. President of Commercial Club; A. A.; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; Class Sheik; Class Actor; Class Prophecy; Honorable Mention as Best Looking Boy.



PAUL KARCHONAS

"Koko" was one of the members of the basketball team and obtained his "M" through his work on the team. He is very quiet where the ladies are concerned. He is never lost, however, for you will always find him at the local movie house. A. A.; Basketball.



ELEANOR KING

By her splendid acting in the senior play Eleanor won the title of class actress. We sometimes wonder how she ever gets any exercise, for she has a steady chauffeur. Eleanor is always ready to do something new and interesting. Honor Student; Senior Play; Girls' Basketball; Glee Club; A. A.; French Club; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; Class Actress; Class Vamp; Latin Club; Science Club; Class Day Play.



JOSEPH KOBOS

"Coby" is always present whenever there is any harmless mischief afoot, and his pranks have brightened many a dull moment. He never went very big for the ladies but it was his own fault. He was perfectly eligible. He found more pleasure in amusing others. A. A.; Letter Man; President of Art Club; Operetta; Band; Dance and Concert Orchestras; Baseball.

GIANEFA KUBIC

Gianefa is one of the silent members of our class who, however, has a sunny smile which should see her through everything. A. A.; Glee Club; French Club.



ELSIE LANG

When left to her own resources, Elsie is very quiet but when she got with the rest of the girls "in the corner," well — her giggles have kept her row waiting more than once. Glee Club; Commercial Club; A. A.



FREDERICK MACKINNEY

"Fred" is rather a quiet fellow but not the hermit type. He has made quite a name for himself in Mr. Mac-Donald's drawing class, and all the under classmen look up to him. He is very ambitious when on the trail of a rabbit or squirrel, and once in a while he really gets one. A. A.



RICHARD MANSFIELD

Our class is lucky in having a leader like "Dick" who has been class president for two years. He is a leader in sports as well as in school and was elected class athlete. Secretary of Varsity Club; President of A. A.; Captain of Football Team; French Club; Bird Club; Senior Play; "Tiger" Staff; Class President; Class Athlete; Baseball; Class Day Play.

ILEEN MARCORELLE

Ileen is our class saint and certainly lives up to her reputation. She believes that "silence is golden," but on the other hand she's always one of the first to appreciate our jokes. Glee Club; Class Saint.



FRANCIS MULLENS

Francis will long be remembered at Manning, for it was he who wrote the words of our school song. If he applies the thought of his words to himself, he will certainly be successful. Band; Orchestra; Operetta; A. A.



KENNETH MORONG

"Ken" is another of our Rowley students and has done quite a bit for his home town in the way of honors, having been elected class nut and clown. The fact that usually one of these honors will cover one person should leave no doubt as to his good-nature and popularity. A. A.



ARTHUR NIKAS

Nikas is one of our more scholarly members. He possesses that power of combining business and pleasure and still comes out on top in the serious jobs. A. A.

KENNETH POOR

If this cruel world refuses to accept Kenneth as anything else, he will at least make a very good dog-catcher. He proved this one morning in the home room. His effective drawl in the senior play was characteristic of his nature. "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; Senior Play; Class History; Commercial Club.



HENRY PRISBY

Henry is another of our athletes of whom we are proud, and an excellent scholar. In fact he received an honor part at graduation. He is good-natured and gets along well with everyone. It's no wonder we chose him most popular boy in the class. Varsity Club; Treasurer of A. A.; "Tiger" Staff; Three Letter Man; Most Popular Boy; Graduation Part; Honor Student; Honor Award.



CHARLOTTE SMITH

"Smitty" was elected class boyologist and claims she doesn't know what it means, but we guess she doesn't need to. All she has to do is to act natural. She is a lover of overnight hikes and always makes them merry, her chief contributions being "brownies" and humor. Senior Play; Operetta; Girls' Basketball; French Club; A. A.; Chapel Music; Orchestra; Glee Club Accompanist; Gifts to Boys; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; Latin Club; Class Lover; Class Boyologist.



CLINTON SPENCER

"Inchey" is our class midget though it's not official. His most recent and outstanding attempt to become a man is the addition of glasses. We'll never forget him as a daring pirate in our first operetta. A. A.; French Club; Operetta; Manager of Baseball.

BARBARA STONE

"Barbs" is one of the jolliest members of our class. She is good-natured but also stands up for her own rights, and it was a matter of life and death with her to guard those hot dogs. Treasurer of Glee Club; A. A.; Hot Dog Squad; French Club; Operetta; Latin Club; Science Club; Baseball; Class Day Play.





IDA WELLS

Ida has had a busy time this year as Editor-in-Chief of our "Cub" staff. Not that reading contributions kept her busy, but it was getting anything to read that she worried about. However, she managed to get together enough material to make our year successful. Editor-in-Chief of "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; A. A.; Cheer Leader; French Club; Senior Play; Operetta; Glee Club; Latin Club; Science Club; Baseball; Graduation Essay; Honor Student; Honor Award.

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS

"Libby" has already picked out her vocation and is about a year ahead of the rest of us. She is a dentist's assistant and a very successful one, we hear. A. A.; Commercial Club; Glee Club; Class Day Play.



DONALD WOOD

One day at Cub Meeting someone was inquiring for Wood. "Which one?" was asked. "The twin of course," was the answer. "Don" is very likeable and always smiling, especially to the girls. After four long years he finally educated a wave which is very attractive. Have you noticed it? Rumor has it that he is quite attached to Hamilton, but of course that's only a rumor. A. A.; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; Class Treasurer; Senior Play; Operetta; Varsity Club; French Club; Three Letter Man; Honor Award; Class Day Play.



DOUGLAS WOOD

"Doug's" favorite pastime is arguing with "Don." In fact they both enjoy it. The rest of the time he divides between girls and trying to get someone's goat. His co-operation with Don in the senior play as one of the "twins" was quite realistic. A. A.; Secretary French Club; "Cub" and "Tiger" Staffs; Class Secretary; Senior Play; Operetta; Class Day Play.

WHO'S WHO

NAME	NICKNAME	APPEARANCE	PASTIME	AMBITION
Helen Ahowik	"Al"	Blond	Mimeographing the "Cub"	To be a secretary
Frances Ames	"Taffy"	Attractive	Kidding	To get a license
Gifford Appleton	"Cliffie"	Quizzical	Wise cracking at the boarding house	To be an author
Margaret Arthur	"Marge"	Blushing	Working at the house	To be a nurse
Grover Bailey	"Buster"	Athletic	Teletioning	To get to Indianapolis
Joseph Barney	"Joe"	Quiet	Riding in a bus	To run a garage
Gardiner Bolles	"Gert"	Boisterous	Riding horseback	To play the organ
Arthur Brennen	"Bolles"	Neat	Driving a Graham Paige	To reach Wall Street
John Burke	"Buddy"	Babyish	Playing the piano	To grow up
Harold Chambers	"Jackie"	Sophisticated	Singing	To succeed Bing Crosby
Catherine Comeau	"Harry"	Studious	Studying English	To become famous
Frank Cook	"Harry"	Good-natured	Housekeeping	To be a nurse
Gladys Cummings	"Tumpy"	Heavy	Bluffing	To succeed Will Rogers
	"Tudy"	Sober	Hiking down Topsfield Road	To be a kindergarten teacher
Earl Dodge	"Dodge"	Good-looking	Driving a Model "T" Ford	To attend Worcester Poly. "Hi!"
Evelyn Dodge	"Evie"	Studious	Hiking	"Oh Bah!"
Marjorie Dolan	"Marge"	Sweet	Studying French	"Oh gosh!"
Norman Ewing	"Nummy"	Powerful	Coaching	"Cripes."
George Galanis	"Giggle"	Slim	Carrying papers	"Oh Ya!"
George Green	"Greene"	Flaftish	Welding a hammer	
Marion Grundstrom	"Grummy"	Demure	Studying shorthand	
Parker Hall	"Hallie"	Jolly	Singing	"Hi, Ya Pansy!"
Alice Hamm	"Sam"	Placid	Going out with "Art"	"What's the matter?"
Mildred Hardy	"Millie"	Pretty	Penning-up Rowley	"Ge Whiz!"
Avis Head	"Pat."	Redheaded	Typewriting	
Ellis Hodgkins	"Al"	Thickset	Patching up his trouble	
Beatrice Jedrey	"Bee"	Petite	Going to dances	
Ashley Jewett	"Charlie"	Sheikish	Acting	"Aw go on!"
Paul Karchonas	"Koko"	Shy	Ushering	"I don't know."
Pleasant King	"Sunny"	Vampish	Riding in a Ford	"You drop'd something."
Joseph Kohos	"Coby"	Impish	Looking for trouble	"Pass it along."
Jeaneta Kubic	"Giny"	Gute	Going with Ileen	
Elsie Lang	"Mike"	Fanpenish	Gone out with Bill	"Wizzy!"
Frederick MacKinney	"McIllicuddy"	Agreeable	Rabbit hunting	"Yah!"
Richard Mansfield	"Dick."	Dignified	Playing football	"For crying out loud."
Ileen Marcorelle	"I"	Saintly	Pushing out perambulator	"Tee Hee!"
Kenneth Morone	"Rabbit"	Clownish	Getting out of trouble	"Hey You!"
Francis Mullens	"Moon"	Polite	Selling groceries	"Didn't you like her?"
Arthur Nikas	"Art"	Fork	Teasing Prissy	"Er--uh-huh!"
Kenneth Poor	"Pep"	English	Playing a clarinet	"That's good."
Henry Prisby	"Chemmy"	Intelligent	Playing baseball	"What's next?"
Charlotte Smith	"Smitty"	Attractive	Sneezing	"Foxy."
Clinton Spencer	"Inchee"	Inward-like	Playing with chickens	"Chick, Chick, Chick."
Barbara Stone	"Moon"	Pleasantly plump	Cooking hot dogs	"What numb."
Ida Wells	"Barbie"	Nonchalant	Going to the movies	"I decline the nomination."
Elizabeth Williams	"Welsy"	Pleasant	Playing tennis	"Next, please!"
Donald Wood	"Ibet"	Handsome	Cultivating a wave	"Oh, I left it home."
Douglas Wood	"Dwintle"		Playing golf	"Where would you be, if I hadn't called you?"
	"Dodge"			



FOOTBALL TEAM

Top row (left to right): Mr. Conary, Arthur Brennan, Manager; Arthur LeClair, Joseph Podmoska, Peter Retales, Earl McCormick, Assistant Manager.

Middle row (left to right): Tony Budzianowski, Tony Cynkus, George Bournazos, John Bialek, Norman Greenberg, Murray Adams, James Austin, Lawrence Maguire, John Hayes, Albert Anzuoni.

Front row (left to right): Arthur Nikas, John Burke, Joseph Kobos, Douglas Wood, Richard Mansfield, Captain; Henry Prisby, George Greene, Kenneth Morong, Donald Wood.

Sports Review

FOOTBALL

THIS year Manning boasts of having its best football team in years. With Mr. Conary as coach and Mansfield as captain the football team had seven victories and four defeats. Manning had 209 points in their favor against 73 points of their opponents, thus making Manning the second highest scorer in the county and possibly second highest in the state. There were 23 boys who stuck out during the season and 16 who made their letter.

The results of the games were as follows:

Haverhill 27	Manning 0
Punchard 7	Manning 0
Pepperell 7	Manning 61
Rockport 0	Manning 14
Salem, N. H. 0	Manning 12
Johnson 7	Manning 14
Danvers 7	Manning 6
Hamilton 0	Manning 51
Rockport 12	Manning 43
Manchester 6	Manning 8
Total: Opponents 73 points; Manning 209. points.	

BASKETBALL

THE basketball team had a successful season this year, having six victories and five defeats. Budzianowski was the captain and had good co-operation from his team mates. Basketball practice was held from five P. M. until seven P. M. and the boys were certainly starved when practice was over. Besides its skill in basketball the team displayed marked ability in singing as the bus trips showed, *Annie Rooney* being their specialty.

The results of the games were as follows:

Groveland 0	Manning 2 (forfeit)
Dummer 19	Manning 21
Johnson 17	Manning 12
Groveland 27	Manning 29
Merrimac 19	Manning 23
West Newbury 27	Manning 24
Manchester 34	Manning 20
West Newbury 9	Manning 22
Johnson 26	Manning 18
Merrimac 11	Manning 30
Manchester 29	Manning 20

HOCKEY

OWING to weather conditions Mr. Burke was unable to have a varsity hockey team. Inter-class games were held and as a result the Juniors were the school champions. Five games were played. The most interesting game was between the Seniors and Juniors. The score was tied at the end of the third period, so a five minute overtime period was played and the Juniors were victors by the score of 2-1.

The inter-class games were as follows:

Juniors 8	Freshmen 0
Seniors 1	Sophomores 0
Sophomores 6	Freshmen 0
Seniors 4	Freshmen 0
Juniors 5	Sophomores 2
Juniors 2	Seniors 1



MANNING HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL TEAM, 1932

Back row (left to right): Coach Burke, Bournazos, Greenberg, Prisby, Merry, Greene, Captain; Podmoska, Spencer, Manager.

Middle row (left to right): Bartinsky, Wood, Kobos, Mansfield, Scott, Brown.

Front row (left to right): Goverick, Assistant Manager; Nikas, Brennan, C. Adams. Bialek, M. Adams and Gorski not in the picture.

BASEBALL

THIS year Manning boasts of a real Class A baseball team. This team, ably coached by Mr. Burke had on May 15 won six games and lost only one. There are seventeen boys out for the varsity and they all know their baseball and are being led successfully by Captain Greene.

The games and their results are as follows:

April 23	Needham	5	Manning	6
April 29	Puncharde	2	Manning	8
*May 3	Rockport	7	Manning	4
May 4	Hyannis	4	Manning	13
*May 6	Essex	5	Manning	25
*May 10	Manchester	7	Manning	8
*May 13	Hamilton	5	Manning	7

The remaining games are:

- *May 17 Topsfield (here).
- *May 20 Rockport (there).
- *May 24 Essex (there).
- *May 27 Manchester (there).
- *May 31 Hamilton (here).
- *June 3 Topsfield (there).
- June 6 Johnson (there).
- June 8 Johnson (here).

*League games.



SENIOR PLAY

Back row (left to right): Richard Mansfield, Douglas Wood, Norman Ewing,
Donald Wood, Henry Prisby, Parker Hall.

Middle row (left to right): Marjorie Dolan, Charlotte Smith, Helen Alhowik,
Margaret Arthur, Mildred Hardy, Alice Hamm.

Front row (left to right): Frances Ames, Kenneth Poor, Ida Wells, Ashley Jewett,
Eleanor King, Clifford Appleton, Evelyn Dodge.

Senior Play

"THE CHARM SCHOOL," a three-act comedy, was presented by the senior class on January twenty-ninth. The play was a success financially as well as from a dramatic standpoint.

The cast was as follows: Ashley Jewett, as Austin Bevans who inherited a girls' school and attempted to run it; Kenneth Poor, as David Mackenzie, a serious and level headed student of law; Richard Mansfield, as George Boyd, an accountant; Donald and Douglas Wood as the twins, Jim and Tim Simpkins, who had no occupation; Clifford Appleton, as Homer Johns, an erratic attorney, who does not wish Austin to take the school, and who takes it away from him; Eleanor King, as Elise Benedotti, Johns's niece, who is a pupil of the school which Austin inherits; Frances Ames, as Miss Hays, the head of the school until Austin arrives; Evelyn Dodge, as Miss Curtis, the school's secretary; Ida Wells, as Sally Boyd, George's sister, a friend of Elise's and also a member of the school; Charlotte Smith, Mildred Hardy, Marjorie Dolan, Margaret Arthur, Alice Hamm, and Helen Alhowik, as Muriel, Ethel, Alix, Madge, Lillian, and Charlotte, other pupils of the school. Everyone seemed pleased with the performance, thanks to the efforts of Miss Allen and Miss Blodgett who directed it.

Operetta

ON APRIL eight the school as a whole presented the operetta, "The Belle of Bagdad." This presentation was pleasing from many standpoints. It gave the townspeople an opportunity to see the musical and dramatic talents of our pupils. It was participated in in one manner or another by a large representation of the school. In addition to the principal characters there were a large chorus and a group of dancers. The oriental scenery, for the painting of which we are greatly indebted to Walter Callahan, and the lighting arrangement added to the effectiveness. We are grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Tozer for their successful work in directing the operetta.

"The Belle of Bagdad" had an oriental setting which suddenly became a center of much activity and excitement. The part of the Caliph of Bagdad, Hassan El Carib, was taken by Donald Wood, who acted with much dignity. Eleanor Mitchell, as the favorite daughter of the Caliph and the heroine of the story, proved to be charming in both her acting and singing. Ashley Jewett, as Dick Taylor, acted with his usual creditable dramatic and musical ability. Frances Ames, as Henrietta Whipsnatch, a romantic spinster, and John Burke, as an English lord, were most amusing in their untangling of a much entangled love affair. Other humorous parts were taken by Grover Bailey and Frank Cook, who were Bob and Bill, two airplane mechanics, who came to Bagdad from Hollywood with Dick Taylor.

We hope that the two operettas, given in the last two years, will be followed by many others equally successful.



VARSITY CLUB OFFICERS

Back row (left to right): Mr. Burke Mr. Conary.
Front row (left to right): Richard Mansfield, Secretary; Norman Ewing, President;
Albert Anzuoni, Vice President; George Greene, Treasurer.

A l u m n i

IT IS pleasing to note the number of Manning High Alumni who have attended institutions of higher learning and have been successful. The following are graduating this year from schools and colleges:

THE CLASS OF 1927

Laura Gordon from Massachusetts State College.

Ruth Humphrey from Middlebury College.

Ralph Kenyon from Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

Palmer Raupach receives his M. A. degree at Boston University this year.

THE CLASS OF 1928

Richard Durham from Bowdoin College.

Althea Howe from Bates College.

Trafford Morong has completed an engineering course at the General Electric.

THE CLASS OF 1929

Gertrude Ciolek from Massachusetts State Teachers' College Salem, Massachusetts.

Stella Zylka from Massachusetts State Teachers' College, Salem, Massachusetts.

MARRIAGE

Esther Grant, '28, to Chester Davis of Salem, Massachusetts.



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Back row (left to right): Richard Mansfield, President; Norman Ewing, Secretary; Henry Prisby, Treasurer; Albert Anzuoni, Vice President.

Cheer Leaders (left to right): Vera Garrett, Ida Wells, Ilene Smith.

Class Celebrities — 1932

Actor — Ashley Jewett.

Actress — Eleanor King.

Artist — Gertrude Berry.

Athlete — Richard Mansfield.

Author — Clifford Appleton; Honorable mention, Evelyn Dodge.

Best looking boy — Earl Dodge; Honorable mention, Ashley Jewett.

Baby — Arthur Brennan.



GLEE CLUB OFFICERS

(Left to right): Gertrude Berry, President; Alice Hamm, Vice President; Mildred Hardy, Secretary; Barbara Stone, Treasurer.

Bluffer — Norman Ewing.

Blusher — Margaret Arthur.

Boyologist — Charlotte Smith.

Caveman — Norman Ewing.

Clown — Kenneth Morong; *Honorable mention*, Frank Cook.

Grandmother — Alice Hamm.

Grandfather — Norman Ewing.

Lovers — Charlotte Smith, Grover Bailey.

Man-hater — Evelyn Dodge.

Most popular boy — Henry Prisby.

Most popular girl — Mildred Hardy.

Musician — Charlotte Smith.

Nut — Kenneth Morong.

Orator — John Burke.

Pest — Joseph Kobos.

Poet — Gertrude Berry.

Prettiest girl — Mildred Hardy; *Honorable mention*, Frances Ames.

Serenader — John Burke.

Saint — Ileen Marcorelle.

Sheik — Ashley Jewett.

Vamp — Eleanor King.

Woman-hater — Harold Chambers.



M. H. S. ORCHESTRA

Back row (left to right): C. Bailey, F. Mullens, M. Adams, J. Kobos, H. Sholes, P. Parker, D. Mullen, K. Poor, J. Dupray.
Middle row (left to right): Mr. Tozer, C. Crossman, A. Scabhill, J. Maciejowski, J. Gorsky, E. McCormick, B. Andrion, E. Smith, A. Patch.
Front row (left to right): C. Smith, F. Ciolek, W. Eustice, R. Mansfield, W. Grant, M. Rogers, A. Brennan, W. Poor, V. Garrett.

As the Poets See Us

HELEN ALHOWIK:

“Oh, who will walk a mile with me
Along Life’s merry way?”

FRANCES AMES:

“Her eyes like stars of twilight fair
Like twilight’s, too, her dusky hair.”

CLIFFORD APPLETON:

“No where so busy a man as he.”

MARGARET ARTHUR:

“She is such a concoction of blushes and frowns
Of clever nerves and satin gowns.”

GROVER BAILEY:

“Good at a fight but better at play.”



FACULTY

Back row (left to right): Miss Blood, Mr. Tozer, Mrs. Cruikshank, Mr. Merson, Miss Mann, Mr. MacDonald, Miss Manzer.

Front row (left to right): Miss Atwood, Mr. Burke, Mrs. Lord, Mr. Whipple, Miss Blodgett, Mr. Conary, Miss Allen.

JOSEPH BARNEY:

“May you live all the days of your life.”

GERTRUDE BERRY:

“All through my keys, that give their sound to a wish of my soul,
Painter and poet are proud, in the artist’s list enrolled.”

GARDINER BOLLES:

“I know him by his wit so rare.”

ARTHUR BRENNAN:

“He’s little but he’s wise,
A terror for his size.”

JOHN BURKE:

“He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose.”

HAROLD CHAMBERS:

“Of woman no lover, no friend of the ball
But a jolly good fellow which makes up for all.”

CATHERINE COMEAU:

“I am utterly content
In all my spirit is no ripple of unrest.”



"CUB" AND "TIGER" STAFFS

Back row (left to right): Curtis Haley '34, Class Reporter; Richard Mansfield '32, Advertising Assistant; George Greene '32, Advertising Assistant; Robert Laite '35, Literary Editor; Robert Clogston '33, Literary Editor; Parker Hall '32, Joke Editor; Kenneth Poor '32, Joke Editor; James Doughty, 35, Class Reporter.

Middle row (left to right): Ann Patch '33, Alumni Editor; Gertrude Berry '32, Art Editor; Theodora Burbank '34, Exchange Editor; Dorothy Miller '33, Typing and Mimeographing; Clifford Appleton '32, Literary Editor; Alice Hamm '32, Typing and Mimeographing; Helen Alhowik '32, Typing and Mimeographing; Frances Ames '32, Literary Editor; Eleanor Mitchell '33, Literary Editor; Marjorie Dolan '32, Literary Editor.

Front row (left to right): Douglas Wood '32, Athletic Editor; Henry Prisby '32, Advertising Assistant; Charlotte Smith '32, Social Editor; Evelyn Dodge '32, Class Reporter; Ida Wells '32, Editor-in-Chief; Eleanor King '32, Literary Editor; Donald Wood '32, Business Manager; Ashley Jewett '32, Literary Editor.

FRANK COOK:

"For the good are always the merry
Save by an evil chance."

GLADYS CUMMINGS:

"I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vale and hill."

EARL DODGE:

"To whose brightly image nightly
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and vows."



M. H. S. BAND

EVELYN DODGE:

"I must down to the sea again with a laughing fellow rover
A quiet sleep and a sweet dream until the night is over."

MARJORIE DOLAN:

"Wee, modest, crimson tipped flower."

NORMAN EWING:

"Friends, Romans, countrymen,
Lend me your ears."

GEORGE GALANIS:

"What e're he did was done with so much ease
In him alone 'twas natural to please."

GEORGE GREENE:

"Well, if the thing is over, better it is for me."

MARION GRUNDSTROM:

"Her voice was ever soft and low,
An excellent thing in woman."

PARKER HALL:

"A youth more glittering than a diamond."

ALICE HAMM:

"Make good use of your time, for
Time flies and is forever past."



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

(Left to right): Douglas Wood, Secretary; Richard Mansfield, President; George Greene, Vice President; Donald Wood, Treasurer.

MILDRED HARDY:

“Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.”

AVIS HEALD:

“To know her is a liberal education.”

ELLIS HODGKINS:

“Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever.”

BEATRICE JEDREY:

“A friend who knows and dares to say
The brave sweet words that cheer the way.”

ASHLEY JEWETT:

“A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard.”

PAUL KARCHONAS:

“I cannot rub the strangers from my sight.”

ELEANOR KING:

“Her heart is like a garden fair
Where many pleasant blossoms grow.”

JOSEPH KOBOS:

“You live but once, so make the best of life.”



LOWER CLASS OFFICERS

Back row (left to right): Amos Hayward '35, Norman Greenberg '34; Arthur Le Clair '34, Tony Budzianowski '33, Meredith Clapp '34, James Doughty '35.
Front row (left to right): Sylvia Todd '33, John Bokron '35, Stanley Mason '35, Curtis Haley '34, Irvin Langmaid '33, Margaret Hamm '33.

GIANEFA KUBIC:

“Silence is of different kinds
And breathes different meanings.”

ELSIE LANG:

“The dancers crowded around her
And many a sweet thing said.”

FREDERICK MACKINNEY:

“O life, thou art a galling load.”

ILEEN MARCORELLE:

“Come pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure.”

RICHARD MANSFIELD:

“And not one hung limp, not one was left for him to conquer.”

KENNETH MORONG:

“Ah! take the cash and let the credit go.”

FRANCIS MULLENS:

“Last night the moon had a golden ring
But tonight no moon we see.”



COMMERCIAL CLUB OFFICERS

(Left to right): Ashley Jewett, President; Alice Hamm, Treasurer;
Julia Sullivan, Secretary; Lawrence Maguire, Vice President.

ARTHUR NIKAS:

"He thinks too much, such men are dangerous."

KENNETH POOR:

"Beware the fury of a little man."

HENRY PRISBY:

"He was a scholar and a ripe and good one
Exceedingly wise, fair spoken, and persuading."

CHARLOTTE SMITH:

"Like a happy girl, through the flowers gay
That fill the field and fringe the way."

CLINTON SPENCER:

"The sweet simplicity of the three per-cent."

BARBARA STONE:

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve the shining hour."

IDA WELLS:

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS:

"Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."



FRENCH CLUB OFFICERS

(Left to right): Douglas Wood, Secretary; Evelyn Dodge, President; Clifford Appleton, Vice President; Arthur Brennan, Treasurer.

DONALD WOOD:

“All mankind loves a lover.”

DOUGLAS WOOD:

“Full well they laughed with a counterfeited glee
At his jokes, for many a joke had he.”

Exch ange

THE Exchange Department has somewhat increased this year. Many new addresses have been added to our list and we have heard from most of our old friends. We have received quite a few compliments and an equal number of criticisms both of *The Tiger* and *The Cub*.
Tiger and Cub, Ipswich, Massachusetts:

These papers show a great deal of co-operation and good work. We are always glad to receive an exchange from Ipswich. May we hear from you again.

Rocks and Pebbles, Rockport, Massachusetts.

Tiger, Manning High:

Your graduation number was great. You have a fine literary department. May I suggest that you put all your “ads” at the back of your paper. Your pictures were extremely good in that number.

Authentic, Stoneham, Massachusetts.

Dear Tiger:

One is impressed after reading the *Tiger* with the high degree of seriousness and ability reflected in it to be the characteristics of your students.

M. H. S. Oracle, Manchester, N. H.

Authentic, Stoneham, Mass.
B. H. S. News, Beverly, Mass.
The Breeze, West Newbury, Mass.
The Broadcaster, Central City, Nebraska.
Catamount, Bennington, Vermont.
Eastoner, North Easton, Mass.
The Gleam, St. Paul, Minnesota.
Hamiltonian, Hamilton, Mass.
Head Light, Marblehead, Mass.
The Holt School Magazine, Liverpool, England.
The Jamaco Journal, Merrimac, Mass.
The Johnson Journal, North Andover, Mass.
Laboremus, Tirana, Albania.
The Lawrence High School Bulletin, Lawrence, Mass.
M. H. S. Oracle, Manchester, N. H.
The Moon, Niles, Michigan.
Observer, Peabody, Mass.
Oracle, Bangor, Maine.
The Phillips Bulletin, Andover, Mass.
The Punch Harder, Andover, Mass.
Radiator, Somerville, Mass.
Record, Newburyport, Mass.
Rocks and Pebbles, Rockport, Mass.
School Life, Melrose, Mass.
The Scribbler, Spartanburg, S. C.
The Spirit of Towle, Newport, N. H.

Songs Inspired by the Class of 1932

Helen Alhowik — "Just a Blue Eyed Blonde."
Frances Ames — "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home."
Clifford Appleton — "Silver Threads Among the Gold."
Margaret Arthur — "What Would You Do?"
Grover Bailey — "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea."
Joseph Barney — "When the Rest of the Crowd Goes Home."
Gertrude Berry — "Just Friends."
Gardiner Bolles — "Swing Low Sweet Chariot."
John Burke — "R You Listenin'?"
Harold Chambers — "When It's Sleepy Time Down South."
Catherine Comeau — "Bend Down Sister."
Frank Cook — "Prisoner's Song."
Gladys Cummings — "Poor Little Gigolette."
Earl Dodge — "My Ideal."

Evelyn Dodge — "Nobody's Sweetheart Now."
Marjorie Dolan — "Bidding My Buddy Goodbye."
Norman Ewing — "Show Me the Way to Go Home."
George Greene — "How Long Will It Last?"
Marion Grundstrom — "Love, You Funny Thing."
Avis Heald — "Red Headed Baby."
Parker Hall — "Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries."
Alice Hamm — "When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver."
Mildred Hardy — "Somebody Loves You."
Ellis Hodgkins — "Mari-Anne."
Beatrice Jedrey — "Eleven Pounds of Heaven."
Ashley Jewett — "Honey."
Paul Karchonas — "By the Fireside."
Eleanor King — "Snuggled On Your Shoulder."
Joseph Kobos — "Just a Gigolo."
Gianefa Kubic — "My Man."
Elsie Lang — "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now."
Frederick Mackinney — "Slow But Sure."
Richard Mansfield — "Football Freddie."
Ileen Marcorelle — "Was That the Human Thing To Do?"
Kenneth Morong — "Whistling in the Dark."
Francis Mullens — "If You'll Give Up the Saxophone."
Arthur Nikas — "I Don't Know Why."
Kenneth Poor — "Piccolo Pete."
Henry Prisby — "Concentratin'."
Charlotte Smith — "One Hour With You."
Clinton Spencer — "You're Dancing On My Heart."
Barbara Stone — "A Hot Dog, a Blanket, and You."
Ida Wells — "All Alone."
Elizabeth Williams — "Time On My Hands."
Donald Wood — "There's a Blue Note In My Love Song."
Douglas Wood — "O That Mitzi."

J o k e s

"Where have I seen your face before?"
"Right where it is now."

Ollie: "A student should have eight hours' sleep per day."
Soddy: "Aw, who wants to take eight classes a day?"

Teacher: "Bolles, where are the questions?"
Bolles: "In the book. It's the answers I want."

Teacher: "Bennet: how did Calhoun's Bonus Bill get its name?"
Bennett: "Bonus was the name of the man that proposed it."

At a recent meeting of the senior class the door was left open after the exit of one member. Poor decided to close it and proceeded towards the door.

Mansfield (President): "Hey, where's *everybody* going?"

Poor: "To close the door."

"She makes her money out of the soil."

"She's a farmerette, I suppose?"

"No, she's a laundress."

Father: "When I began business on my own account I had absolutely nothing but my intelligence."

Son: "Gee, Daddy, you didn't have much to start with, did you?"

Mr. Merson: "Can anyone here give me a definition of auditorium?"

Miss Burbank (Latin student): "Yes, from the word *audio* (hear), and *taurus* (bull). A place where you ———."

Mr. Merson: "That will do."

Science Teacher: "First I'll take some sulphuric acid and then I'll take some chloroform."

Surly Junior: "That's a good idea."

Student: "Why do you put the names of 'exchange' after the jokes?"

Joke Editor (Poor): "So that the people will think the others are original."

"Many worse things have come to pass," sighed the principal as he gazed at the freshmen.

Grant: "I love you as I've never loved anyone before."

Mildred (?): "That's a heck of a reason."

Kenneth Poor (to himself): "Well, George Washington and 'Abe' Lincoln are dead; I'm not feeling so good myself."

Miss Blodgett: "Wood, your work seems quite original."

Douglas Wood: "Oh, yes, Miss Blodgett. Even the spelling is my own."

Senior Girl: "I wish you were frank."

Junior Boy: "Oh yeah? Well, to tell you the truth, I wouldn't mind a heck of a lot if you were Barbara."

"Are you laughing at me?" demanded the he-man teacher in his class.

"Oh! no sir," came the reply.

"Then," asked the teacher, "what else is there in the room to laugh at?"

History Teacher (talking about the Bill of Rights): "How old is that bill, Miss Lang?"

Miss Lang (dreaming): "He was sixteen last August."

Bolles: "How long can a person live without brains?"

Burke: "I don't know; how old are you?"

C. Smith: "Anything you tell a man goes in one ear and out the other."

G. Bailey: "Anything you tell a woman goes in both ears and out her mouth."

Stern School Teacher: "What is a relief map?"

Weary School Boy: "My girl's face, after looking at yours all day."

I. Karchonas (in English): "Holmes dropped law and took medicine."

In the Economics class the pupils were discussing insane asylums.

Miss Hardy (to Mrs. Cruikshank): "Have you ever been to Danvers?"

W. Prentiss

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